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ELIMINATE THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE

The closeness of the recent election and the possibility of some electoral votes being cast for a presidential candidate other than the one receiving a majority vote in the state, has aroused an agitation in favor of a direct vote for President and vice president. There is sound argument back of the suggestion for a change.

The present method of selection by an electoral college was adopted because of doubt as to the ability of the people to vote intelligently for a presidential candidate. It was thought safer to let the people select some of their more capable and more experienced fellow citizens to represent them in choosing a president. But party organization soon reduced the electors to mere messengers who cast their ballots for their party nominees.

Ordinarily the present system works satisfactorily and secures the results desired by a majority of the voters of the country. But there are exceptions. In one state where five electors were to be chosen, one Democratic candidate was elected on the eve of election, too late for the name to be changed on the printed ballot, and, apparently, one of the Republican candidates will be chosen, notwithstanding a majority of the people voted for five Democratic electors. If the vote had been direct for the presidential candidates, this could not have occurred.

There is another possible splitting of a state's electoral vote without regard to the actual view of a majority of the voters. It quite frequently happens that one or two of the electoral candidates on a party ticket are more widely known or have greater personal popularity than the others on the same electoral ticket. There are usually, also, some men on each electoral ticket who have very limited acquaintance or who have many political enemies within their own parties. Under such circumstances it can very easily occur, in a close election, that although one party may be in the majority in a state, yet the highest man on the minority party ticket would receive more votes than the low man on the majority ticket. This would occur, of course, only in very close states.

In addition to these two defects in the present system, it may be said that there is absolutely no reason why New York, for example, should nominate 45 Republican and 45 Democratic candidates for presidential electors, print their names on a ballot, require the voters to mark the ballots, and have the votes counted and tabulated, when the vote is really cast for two candidates for President and two for vice president. Moreover, if the Prohibition, Socialist or other parties nominate candidates, the number of names on the ballot is multiplied accordingly.

We could as well, and certainly should, merely print the names of the Presidential and vice presidential candidates on the ballots, mark our ballots for the candidates of our choice, have those votes counted directly and inaugurate as president and vice president the men who receive the largest number of votes of all the people. That is truly popular government.

TRAVELING ON THE CLOUDS

With a strong wind, shooting the world's record for long distance flights in aeroplanes, and with as many as fifty-four battles being fought in one day on the Flanders front between birdlike destroyers, we are fast coming to the time when the flying machine will really give the automobile a hard run for the front row as a means of transportation.

And while we put ourselves on the back and smirk and smile and feel so well satisfied with the results of our work, we should remember that long, long ages ago dreamers thought of these things in serious mood.

And the best thing we have seen in some time comes from the Westminster Gazette, which carries us back to a funny little circumstance of a century and a half ago when the flying machine possibility was great enough to cause men to joke about the time one man would rule all Europe through the use of this craft.

The following is the clipping:

There is nothing new, it seems, even in methods of frightfulness. A correspondent calls attention to a caricature dating from 1781, in which the French inventor of the fire balloon, is shown blowing bubbles, and in usual facile way of inventors, prophesying great things of his project. The legend reads: "O by Gar! dis he de grand invention. Dis will immortalize my King, my Country, and Myself. We will declare war against our Enemies; we will make des English quake by Gar. We will inspect their camp, we will intercept their fleet, we will set fire to their dockyards, and, by Gar, we will take Gibraltar in de air-balloon. And, when we have conquer de English, den we conquer de other countries, and make them all colonie de de Grand Monarque."

ELECTION DECIDED NO PRINCIPLE

Viewing the election from every angle it is impossible to discover that the attitude of the voters with respect to any party principle was rendered decisive by the results. Personal animosities and factional discords, which for six years have sapped the strength of the Republican party, made their contribution to the defeat of 1916. So long as petty jealousies continue in Republican ranks, so long will the party whose members once stood shoulder to shoulder for "America first" be compelled to play in the great theatre of America politics the secondary role of protestant. Twenty years of dieting on the husks of defeat ultimately convinced the Democracy that red meat was the reward held out for united effort. Woodrow Wilson had violated every principle held dear to the disciples of Jefferson, but his retirement spelt the downfall of Democratic supremacy and it was easier to relinquish principle than power.

The "he kept us out of war" appeal, coupled with the prophesy of war to follow a change of Administration sank into the hearts of timid, and many who feared the loss of an imaginary foreign foe marked the ballot of a real domestic enemy—an enemy to our stable prosperity, to our Constitutional form of government, and to our international prestige. But neither were these affrighted ones actuated by a party principle, unless their party emblem is a cotton-tail rabbit.

The cardinal principle on which the two great parties have been divided is the tariff. That was an issue which was systematically avoided by the Democrats, and availed of all too little by Mr. Hughes. It gave the protectionists a majority in the House of Representatives so light that it is doubtful if that body can initiate any legislation which will wipe the Wilson Underwood tariff disgrace from the statute books. But the tariff question is with us stronger than ever and it need surprise no one if the close of the European war finds Woodrow Wilson ranting for protection with all the fervor that he exhibited when he had tracked on the preparedness issue and assured us that the world was on fire. The protection sentiment grows stronger in the country with each year and reelection has not stabilized the presidential mind.

Since the foundation of this Government it has been a principle of both parties that the executive should not coerce the legislative branch of the Government. On this point the Democratic party has been, if anything, more insistent than the Republican party. Yet, under the Wilson regime, Congress has been a mere office force of the President, and the process of legislation has been a travesty which reached its climax in the railroad wage bill. This cost Mr. Wilson many Democratic votes, and even labor split on the issue, but other factors considered, the President's popular majority does not decisively indicate whether the consensus of this country's opinion is, or is not, for a one-man Government.

The Republicans have always stood firm for the recognition of American rights abroad and on the high seas. Jefferson wobbled on that great principle, and we finally got into a war with England which was productive of small credit to us. Cleveland was adamant for American rights, and John Bull bounced off when Grover had declared himself on the Venezuela matter. Wilson's spinelessness brought this principle prominently before the people, and it came the nearest to a decision in the election—so near it that our rights abroad will continue to receive the same recognition which is being accorded them by Germany, England, and Mexico, which is an international joke.

Minor principles which entered into the campaign controversies received scant attention, before they can not be said to have been decisively passed upon. Altogether it looks as if we have it all to fight over again, with better luck next time, if a united effort is made against the Wilsonians.

South Bend (Ind.) Tribune—A great many people who voted failed to comprehend that the basis of our present prosperity was the European war, or, comprehending, were landholders and willing to gamble on the future.

MAKING THE GOODS TALK

Advertising is making the goods speak. It is putting a truthful, animate tongue into inanimate merchandise.

Merchandise itself cannot lie. Sooner or later its true character will develop—in its use—in the satisfaction it gives to the owner. When exaggerated or false statements are made about goods it is a human tongue that talks or a human hand that writes; it is not the merchandise that speaks—therefore it is not advertising.

Advertising is also news—news more vital to the family than nine-tenths of the so-called news that goes into the newspapers.

Whoever makes the goods talk—whoever exhibits the true nature and uses of an article of commerce—whoever correctly and interestingly tells the news about his merchandise—he is the true advertiser.—John Wanamaker.

AS OTHER SEE IT

Wilmington (Del.) Evening Journal—Now watch the administration extend the classified civil service by "blanketing in" a large number of employees appointed outside the civil service.

South Bend (Ind.) Tribune—These are times when the recount counts for more than the count.

Brooklyn Standard Union—The Republicans accepted the unfair handicap of the Solid South, and, thus weighted down, the present election shows that on the face of the returns, Mr. Wilson has a bare majority in the Electoral College.

Chicago Tribune—We do not pretend to find much satisfaction in an election which means four more years of antinationalistic, democratic rule.

Milwaukee Free Press—Mr. Wilson's appeal for reelection was made mainly to the timidity and sense of present ease and full fed fatness of the country.

Dover (Del.) Sentinel—This is a time when the Hughes are blue.

Leavenworth (Kan.) Times—One of the things we have to feel bad about is that Kansas gave Wilson a bigger majority than did Missouri.

Uniontown (Pa.) Herald—What's become of that investigation of the High Cost of Living which was started so enthusiastically by Attorney General Gregory on November 6th?

Bluefield (W. Va.) Sentinel—We did not have war but we have war prices, and if they keep high the best thing we can suggest is for a man to join the army where he can eat and where he will be safe.

Warren (Ohio) Chronicle—Our Republican neighbor, The Pittsburg Gazette Times suggests that "Ohio should come forward Sunday and ask for the prayers of the congregation."

Boston Transcript—From first to last he (Wilson) has appealed to the soft side of the American people, and upon that appeal has carried the day.

Dassel (Minn.) Anchor—Outside of the old South, Wilson and his policies were equally thrashed by the voters.

Pineblow (Ohio) Republican—Wonder if it was the Ohio element in California that threw the State to Wilson?

Marion (Ohio) Star—The vote in the industrial centers gives proof that the Adamson law was the lure of the wage earners.

Princeton (Ind.) Clarion-News—The President and Villa should hasten to exchange congratulations.

Harvest and Peace

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

Not only for the harvest yield
We stripped from stalks in serried ranks
We look across the quiet field
And raise the anthem of our thanks
The moonlight lies along the hill
Below a silver river flows—
And all the night is sweet and still
And all the land in calm repose.

Not only for the bounteous store
Of garnered grain we offer praise,
But for the quiet sea and shore,
The nights of rest, the pleasant days.
As year by year our acres bloom,
As year by year our flocks increase,
Afar from war and war's red gloom,
We look upon a land at peace.

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CHARMETTE

Harry
Irving
Greene

AY after day Billy McVickers sat in his study just off the tiny park and waited for Charmette. Together they had decided that the picture must hang in the grand salon, therefore a must be a wonderful one. Indeed, with herself as the subject, Billy had assured her that the thing was as good as accomplished, only of course it would take time and she must be very, very quiet. "For," he explained, "you have as many different expressions as have the clouds themselves, and of course I cannot paint them all. So you must fix your eyes and mind upon one thing, that your expression may always remain the same." Whereat Charmette, being very much in love with Billy, fastened both upon him and her expression was a happy one indeed. Then when he would lay his brush aside with a little weary sigh and tell her that they were through for the sitting, she would come hopping off her pillowed divan and running behind him rest her chin upon the top of his head as she poked her lips and solemnly criticized herself upon the canvas.

"And do I really look like that, Billy?" she would half whisper while he was slipping an arm around her slim waist. Whereat he would say: "Yes, dear—only of course much prettier. But I will bring that fact out as I go along." So Charmette would tidy things up a bit as he washed his hands, then away they would go chattering like sparrows about the wonderful time so soon to come when Billy would be of age and receive his heritage in America, for when that day came they were to be married and he was to take her back to his own land. "And it happens to be next Thanksgiving," he told her; then explained what the term meant to those born in his country across the sea. For Charmette, being a Belgian girl, had never heard of it until the coming of Billy.

And then came the dark time when Paris stilled and grew pale and the very ground seemed to quiver beneath the tread of the advancing legions.

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Her Expression Was a Happy One Indeed.

Through Belgium they came pounding in the vastest machine ever built by man as they smashed the great fortresses like anvil beneath a juggernaut and swept over her in a great tide, rolling the defenders before them as a wave rolls before the prow of a ship. And in those terrible hours the hand of Billy left his brush and sought that of Charmette as they sat with faces turned eastward searching the sky for the rings of shell smoke which they knew must soon float in the air in grim banquets of death. Then it was that one morning the girl came to him with a letter in her hand and tears flooding her blue eyes.

"They have destroyed my home, and my old father and mother are outcasts. I must go to them. Good-by, Billy," she sobbed. He kissed her.

"But of course I shall go with you," she only pushed him away, pointing to a regiment of red-tousled soldiers that was hurrying to the front.

"No. For two years you received a military training in your own country. Tomorrow you must join the army of France."

"But you—" he pleaded, and broke down. She returned his kiss.

"If we are both alive we will find each other upon your great day of Thanksgiving ten weeks away. And until then—" But there is no need of going into their parting, for the last words of love are sacred. However, three days later she was in Belgium and he was marching and counter-marching in that wonderful unknown army which even the eagle eyes of the enemy's spies had not discovered; the army of minute men which lay hidden behind Paris.

Came the day when the hot breath of advancing hosts was in the very face of the great capital upon the Seine. In companies, regiments, battalions and divisions they came in an endless martial sea, sweeping the legions of the tri-color before them miles each day. And then it was that the great French general sprang his trap. In cars, buses, automobiles and by every means which ingenuity could devise, the secret army from behind the city was rushed to the front. Billy, in the midst of it, heard the rumble and grumble of the battle from miles away, and seeing it felt the hair on the back of his head bristle as it does upon a dog when he smells a wolf.

Then in a great surge there swept over him the thought of Charmette, and tears blinded him as he imagined her so slender and helpless wandering homelessly in her desolate country; and with it a longing vast and unutterable to throw down his gun and go rushing blindly away in search of her that he might take her in his arms and bear her away from all this hell to the peace and happiness that had been theirs through the long summer when the days had fallen softly as thistledown. God! how he hated it all—this war and blood and heartbreaks. And then without knowing why, he suddenly found himself rushing forward into a gray murk with thousands of his companions on either

hand, a fierce yell bursting from his lips and the battle just turning him but as a flame as he realized that they were charging.

Dinly he was conscious of showers of invisible things that passed him in hurtling flight. Huge clouds of dust arose on all sides and where there had been level ground suddenly yawned great pits; thunderous explosions deafened him and he staggered before the impact of blows of compressed air. On every side men and horses were going down in groups, in heaps, in whole windrows like wheat before hail. Before him in a clump

of trees was something that belched and roared like a dragon, and before his scattered senses told him that it was a battery he found himself in a wild bayonet conflict with a pale-haired young man who wore a spiked helmet, and almost at the mouth of the belching monster of the brush. Then as they thrust and parried, suddenly the fair-haired man went down and Billy leaped on, not knowing what had made the other fall, yet vaguely conscious that his bayonet ran red. Then a great darkness engulfed him.

It was evening and he was lying upon the bank of a stream that ran close by his old home. At his side the brook was tinkling like bells and the coolness of its waters was upon his face. Lord, but he was thirsty, and rolling over he buried his face in the rippling and drank interminably. Then as he turned upon his back again a pain shot through his head, and someone whom he could not see, but who was close by him, began whispering like a hurt puppy. Endlessly the whisperings continued, until, unable to endure them longer, he sat up and roughly bade the complainer cease his noise. And as he did this the fog was swept from his brain and he found himself lying in the debris of a battle-swept wood with the noise of the conflict still coming to him from afar. A frightful pain stabbed his brain and from his dry throat burst a weak moan, and then it was that he realized that it had been his own voice which had been whimpering. Then all grew dark once more.

For what seemed an eternity he listened to unseen persons whispering about him, while slowly, very slowly the darkness lifted. Came a day when he opened his eyes. He was lying in a clean hospital with rows of other cots on every side. Once more his head was clear, but upon him was the weakness of long illness. A nurse with a red cross upon her arm passed his way, stopped before him and smiled.

"And so your mind has awakened at last," she said softly. "It has been many weeks. For a long time we feared you would die, but it seems that you are to get well."

"And where am I?" he managed to say.

"In Paris. This is the hospital for wounded Americans. And by the way, a friend has been awaiting your awakening for several days. I will bring her."

But she had no time to bring. Down the aisle a girl came running to throw herself upon her knees by his bedside.



"Oh, Billy! Billy!" She cried.

clasping his thin hands within her own and raining kisses upon his cheeks.

"Oh, Billy! Billy!" she cried. "And I found you the first day. Listen, dear. The enemy is defeated and Paris is saved—and you helped to do it. And you are to fight no more, and we can now go to that great country of yours, where all is peace and happiness. And the picture, Billy, the picture. You will laugh when you see the care with which I have safeguarded it. He drew her to him until her cheek rested against his own.

"Yes, dearest. And when we had thought all was over life was just beginning. Isn't it wonderful?" He paused, then spoke again.

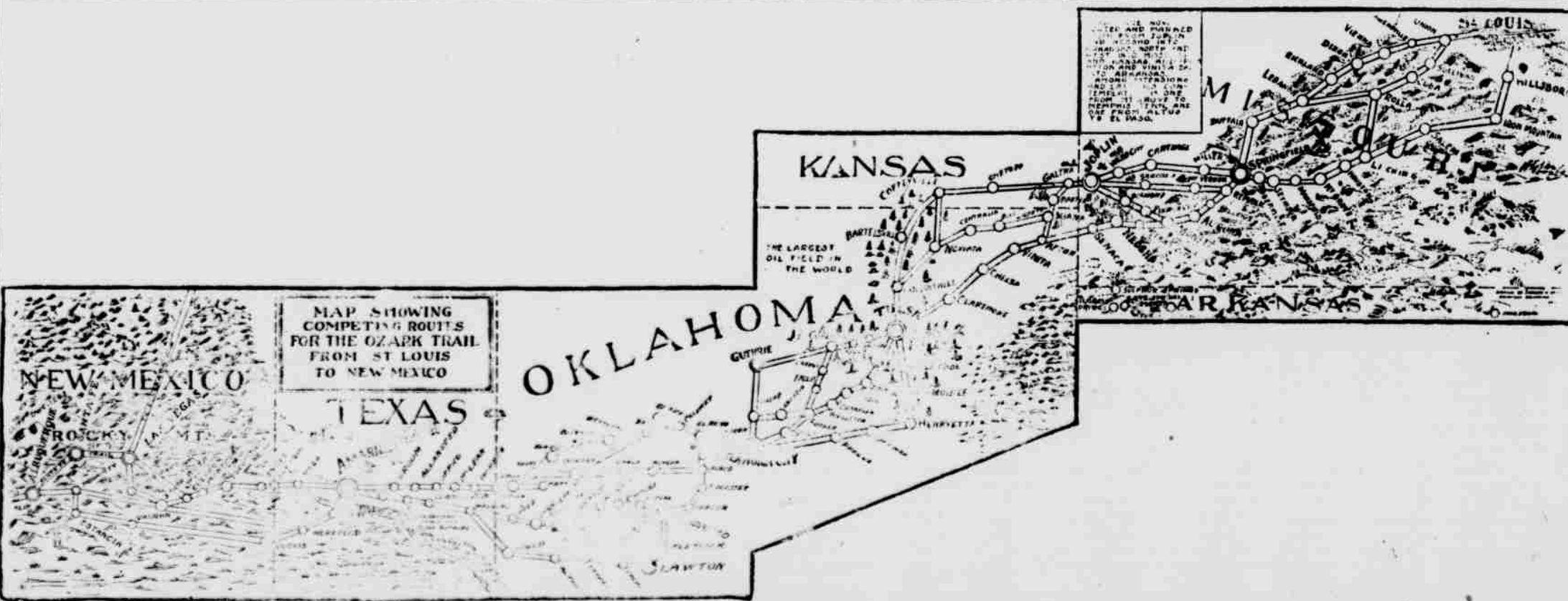
"What day is this, Charmette?" She laughed joyously.

"It is all days in one; the day of your inheritance; the day of your birth; the day of our marriage—your marvelous Thanksgiving."

He relaxed upon his pillows and a smile came creeping over his face.

"Jolly old Thanksgiving," he whispered.

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MAP OF THE OZARK TRAIL—A proposed new auto road, many sections of which are already in good condition and other portions of which it is proposed to complete as rapidly as possible. A convention to promote the early completion of this road is being held in Oklahoma City this week. New Mexico is represented by Col. Ralph E. Twitchell and State Land Commissioner Robert P. Ervin. Many towns in New Mexico are directly interested in this project and the balance of the state is indirectly interested, as our local road connects practically the entire state with the new highway. The following towns are on the main line: Ende, Tucuman, Montoya, Santa Rosa, Moriarty, and Albuquerque.